

Good Morning 716

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



They'll Wager Anything

SOME sportsmen will wager sums are regularly placed on over anything if given the chance. Yet it is among the quieter sportsmen that you meet some interesting people.

Take, for instance, Trevor Lloyd, who lives in the Welsh village of Cyffliog. A local electrician, with a chest measurement of 37, he can crawl through a 12-inch pipe.

He has backed himself for £5, and never lost a bet so far.

It has always amused some bookmakers the way people are never afraid to back a sportsman or animal they have never seen. A typical example was John Montague, the "shovel and rake" golfer, who was the "sensation" of America just before the war.

In 1937 reports began to reach Britain about a golfer who could achieve wonderful results on a golf-course while using, not the ordinary golf sticks, but a shovel, rake and baseball bat.

Although no one had seen him play, the stories about Montague's prowess swept around America and this country, and when he was matched to play against three other noted American golfers, large sums were placed on him with bookmakers.

The crowd who turned up to see Montague in action were very disappointed, and after it had taken him and his opponents two hours to cover nine holes the match was abandoned.

But the bookmakers picked up a good sum of money put on Montague by people who had never seen him play, for they would only accept bets on the "win only" basis.

Actually, the story of Montague's skill as a "shovel and rake" golfer was brought about by gossip. A green-keeper picked up a rake left behind by Montague, after he had tried a trick shot.

He told friends that Montague could beat the best in the world using ordinary garden tools. A "snowball" developed. The rest is not hard to imagine. But people were willing to put money on this "unknown."

But, then, in the United States they have always been noted for their "I'll back anything" outlook.

At Oklahoma, for instance, they have for a long time held an annual "tortoise" derby.

The race was staged over a 25-yard course, and the record is held by a tortoise named Pebblestone. It "romped" home in 1938, covering the course at a speed of just under one-tenth of a mile an hour. This is very speedy for a tortoise.

The first prize was a cheque for £700, and altogether bets amounting to £3,000 were laid on these tortoises!

In Australia they have popularised ostrich racing, and large

sums are regularly placed on favourite racers.

A smart promoter decided that he could further attract the crowds by means of harnessing ostriches to gigs.

The Aussies have placed quite large sums on some of these races, and students of form have found it pays big dividends.

EATING TO FAME.

In the North of England one of the strangest champions produced was "Lancashire's Champion Eater."

A slim, ordinary-looking man, this chap, who was a labourer in "private life," could eat terrific amounts of food, and when a friend noticed this he decided that he would make a "champion" eater of him. The offer was accepted, and he put the man who loved his food well and truly on the map.

Challengers came from all parts of the country, and the matches took place before large audiences, all of whom paid to witness the eaters.

The champion used to go into training for a particular match; gradually he began to increase his intake of food. Four pounds of cod was an average breakfast in the early days—this was before food was rationed—and when the day of the match arrived he was always in fine fettle.

It was really amusing to see those who had backed him or his challenger, gathering around and pointing to certain morsels of food he should eat if he were to "gain a lead."

Once the champion raced another man in eating a string of sausages strung from one lamp-post to another. As usual, he won. In fact, his only defeat was when he was engaged to eat a sheep, and then only because he had eaten a big meal before going into action!

Quite a sport among young men in small American towns is "Guessing the number plate." The idea is to place a small sum in a pool, the winner being the man who is nearest to the number made up of the combined figures on the number plate.

Another "sport" that attracts betting men is "Gold-fish gulping."

Gold-fish, swallowed at record speed, is the aim of the champion of this particular betting game. The man who swallows the greatest number in half-a-minute is usually proclaimed the winner of a race.

Not so very long ago the chiefs of several U.S. colleges had to forbid students carrying on this dangerous sport.

A Canadian golfer, Cyril Wagner, was always fond of boasting about his prowess; said he could hole in one on a particular hole twice in one day.

She was Spies' Big Boss

C. N. DORAN continues his series, "Beware of Such Women"

IT is peculiar that even in the most desperate conditions of war, the British Secret Service—or Intelligence Branch, as it is properly called—has hardly ever used women to gain necessary information.

Of European nations, Britain is alone in relying on other means; but practically every other nation has always had on its staff a number of women who have acted as spies; and Germany has used them in this war as in the last one.

The European nations who employ women argue that the wiles, guile, beauty and cunning of the female sex are often more able to gain their ends than the talents of men.

The greatest and most successful female spy in Europe during the last war—and to some extent during this one—was a German woman.

From 1914 onwards there was that extraordinarily important person who was head of all the spy work against Britain and France. Colonel Nicolai, chief of the German Military Intelligence department, paid great tribute to Frau Heinrichsen.

In his report on her work, he calls her "an exceptionally cultured woman, who proved most competent in dealing with agents of the craftiest and most difficult characters."

TIGER CAT.

The French called her "la grande Patronne" (the Big Boss) or "Mme. Doctor." To the British she was known as "Frau Doktor Elizabeth." But she was best known by her nicknames—the Black Cat, or

Red Tiger. She had auburn hair.

She was a magnificent woman physically, with nerves of steel, and possessed of tireless energy. She was said to exert a charm on all who came within her circle. Even officers of high rank fell for her, without knowing why. She had "it" in abundance.

But it was said at a trial of one of her agents in Paris that "Red Tiger's hands dripped blood."

Even the Greek Coudoyannis, who met his death through her machinations, declared that she was "marvellously beautiful." And that was after she had betrayed him when he was of no more use to her.

Her headquarters were in Antwerp, which was the centre of the German espionage system. She lived in a big hotel, having a suite of rooms to herself. She drove a big car, often taking runs into Holland to see her agents off to Britain. She was often seen in the streets of Amsterdam and Rotterdam. But always, in her car or striding close behind her, were two massive giants—her German guards, well armed. Thus it was that her capture was difficult.

One of the agents she sent over to London was captured here, and in describing how he came to be used by her he was quite frank. She had contacted him in Paris, where she had asked him to dinner; and this, according to him, is what she said:

"You are a person of education and speak several languages. That is of great value, but to do my work you must be adroit, clever, obedient and to

courageous. I can see you have all these qualities. I will pay well. I am yours, so long as you do my will.

"You can go to haunts of pleasure, but you must not fall in love with anyone but me.

"Make as few notes of things as possible, and then only in cipher. Be temperate. Always be circumspect. Get the topography of localities in your mind. Now repeat what I have said."

He repeated the instructions and was taken on. He was to send over information as to the spirit of the British nation, the defensive measures taken here, the movements of troops, the shipping at various ports, the situation of munition factories, and so on.

The messages were in cipher, sent to Geneva. From there they were re-addressed by another agent to Red Tiger in Holland.

The Red Tiger paid her best agents anything up to ten thousand francs per month. She changed her cipher every fortnight.

She was ruthless. It is on record that one agent whom she discovered had formed a liaison with a French dancer, Mlle. Couper, of the Champs Elysees. She forbade him to continue the affair unless the dancer could be induced to become a German agent.

The dancer refused—indeed, ridiculed the idea. Next day the agent was found shot in his rooms. It was reported that Red Tiger had visited him.

DIDN'T COME BACK.

She left Paris and went back to Holland. Not a clue could

trace the crime to her, only suspicion. In another case a French officer was sent out to catch her, and for that purpose he was to pose as an enemy of France.

He contacted Red Tiger at the Hague. He spent a day or two with her, and it was expected that he would return with valuable information.

Instead, a notice was sent to his headquarters that he had been arrested as a French agent. He was shot by the Germans.

A few days afterwards a card was sent to his chief. All it bore was the name "Red Tiger" in red ink. It was significant enough.

A big price was put on her head. Dead or alive, the French wanted her. They never got her. Nor did the British.

When the war ended, however, there was found in a farmhouse on the Marne Valley the body of a female who was believed to be that of Mme. Heinrichsen.

There was a bullet wound in the chest and another in the head.

A German "identified" the body, but that was the only identification. There was no letter, no mark of other iden-

USELESS EUSTACE



"Well! What else can you suggest? The old girl's just had quads!"

tification on the body. She was buried in a village cemetery.

Who shot her? Nobody ever found out. There was a story that one of her agents had committed the crime, but there was no proof. At any rate, the Red Tiger never again was seen, and one theory was that a French officer who had been ruined took this revenge.

It was a French bullet that was in her head. Colonel Nicolai himself wiped her off his list and marked "fate unknown" against her name.

MORE ABOUT WINE

When the wine is in, the wit is out.

Wine neither keeps secrets nor fulfils promises.

Whoso hath but a mouth, never in England shall suffer drought.

What you do when you are drunk, you must pay for when you are sober.

When wine sinks, words swim.

Eat a bit before you drink.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first

to "Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

CALLING L.S. FRED DELANEY

THE door of 27, de Quincey-road, Tottenham, was open and the strains of "Sympathy" issued forth played liltingly on the piano. The music ended abruptly when we knocked and Mrs. John Delaney came to the door and invited us in to give us the latest news for you, L.S. Fred Delaney.

Your nephew, young John, was getting ready to go swimming at Tottenham Lido and was quibbling about the necessity of washing when he was going in the water anyway. We did persuade him to stay for the picture.

The grape-vine in the garden is doing very well. It has more grapes on it this year than ever before. Still, although the garden seemed to be in real victory humour, there can't be any real celebrations at number 27, till you and your brothers get home again.

Will is winning quite consistently at the dogs and is putting the results of his winnings away to help towards that great welcome home party.

George still maintains his habit of visiting 27 de Quincey-road every Sunday morning and will be glad when he finds you are back again.

Jim and John are well too and looking forward to meeting you soon, and your mother, who is in good health, is of course, longing to have all her sons around her once more.

Your sister-in-law told us you have been enquiring about the results of young John's examination. He hadn't had them

His boast was called by another golfer, who was willing to wager Wagner 250 dollars and a new car that he would not accomplish the feat.

Early in the day the golfer did hole in one, but that was as far as he went, although he averaged one shot every six minutes, and in all made nearly 200 shots!

JOHN ALLEN.

when we called but was expecting to hear within a few weeks.

Your sister-in-law told us that she still plays the piano at the "Castle" (and occasionally at the "Bell and Hare") on Saturdays. She hopes it won't be long now before you'll be among the audience, lifting an elbow in true style again!



Home Town News

ILFORD Town Hall was the meeting place for five East London dance bands who came to take part in the 1945 East London Dance Band Championship, organised each year by the "Melody Maker," the trade journal of jazz enthusiasts.

These contests which have been running now since 1926, and have been the first step up the ladder for many of to-day's popular dance bands, have their grand finale at Belle Vue, Manchester, in October.

Will de Barr and his band, of Walthamstow, were voted the best of the competitors at Ilford by the committee of judges who presided.

The nine New Georgian Swingers, of Aveley, were second, Charles Mead and his band, of Ilford, third, and Alex Tennyson and his band, of Dagenham, were fourth.

After the prizes—in the form of cups, signed diplomas and savings certificates—had been awarded, there was continuous dancing until 11.30 to the winning bands, the Hainault Rhythm Club Sextet, and Spike Williams and his all-star band.

The evening ended with the judges joining Will de Barr and his band in a grand Jam Session, which adequately added the finishing touches to an interesting performance.

Into the picture again comes the rascally Persian barber created by J. Morier. This time he becomes a martyr in the cause of science, in order to steal—a pill.

Hajji Baba Gets a Pain in his Innards

After his escape from the Turcomans, Hajji Baba reached Tehran, where a friend strongly recommended him as a servant to Mirza Ahmak, the Shah's chief physician. So Hajji went after the job.

As soon as I appeared, the doctor invited me into the room, and requested me to be seated; which I did with all the humility which it is the etiquette for an inferior to show towards his superior for so great an honour.

He informed me that he had been told I was a person to be depended upon, particularly on account of my discretion and prudence; that I had seen a great deal of life; that I was fertile in expedients; and that if any business in which circumspection and secrecy were necessary was intrusted to me, sharp instrument for wind in the I should conduct it with all the ability required.

I bowed repeatedly as he spoke, and kept my hands respectfully before me, covered with the border of my sleeve, whilst I took care that my feet were also completely hid.

He then continued, "I have occasion for a person of your description precisely at this moment, and as I put great confidence in the recommendation, it is my intention to make use of your good offices; and if you succeed according to my expectations, you may rest assured that it will be well for you, and that I shall not remain unmindful of your services."

Then requesting me to approach nearer to him, and in a low and confidential tone of voice, he said,

looking over his shoulders as if afraid of being overheard:

"Hajji, you must know that an ambassador from the Franks (English) is lately arrived at this court, in whose suite there is a doctor. This infidel has already acquired considerable reputation here. He treats his patients in a manner quite new to us, and has arrived with a chest full of medicines, of which we do not even know the names."

"He pretends to the knowledge of a great many things of which we have never yet heard in Persia. He makes no distinction between hot and cold diseases, and treats his patients in a manner quite new to us, and has arrived with a chest full of medicines, of which we do not even know the names."

"He makes no distinction between hot and cold diseases, and treats his patients in a manner quite new to us, and has arrived with a chest full of medicines, of which we do not even know the names."

"Now this will never do, Hajji. The small-pox has always been a comfortable source of revenue to me; I cannot afford to lose it, because an infidel chooses to come here and treat us like cattle."

"We cannot allow him to take the bread out of our mouths."

"But the reason why I particularly want your help proceeds from the following cause. The grand vizier was taken ill, two days ago, of a strange uneasiness, after having eaten more than his usual quantity of raw lettuce and cucumber, steeped in vinegar and sugar."

"This came to the Frank ambassador's ears, who, in fact, was present at the eating of the lettuce, and he immediately sent his doctor to him, with a request that he might be permitted to administer relief."

"The grand vizier and the ambassador, it seems, had not been upon good terms for some time, because the latter was very urgent that some demand of a political nature might be conceded to him, which the vizier, out of consideration for the interests of Persia, was obliged to deny; and, therefore, thinking that this might be a good opportunity of conciliating the infidel, and of coming to a compromise, he agreed to accept of the doctor's services."

"Had I been apprised of the circumstance in time, I should easily have managed to put a stop to the proceeding."

"But the doctor did not lose an instant in administering his medicine, which, I hear, only consisted of one little white and tasteless pill. From all accounts, and as ill luck would have it, the effect it has produced is something quite marvellous."

"The grand vizier has received such relief that he can talk of nothing else; he says that now he has discovered in himself such newness of strength and energy that he laughs at his old age, and even talks of making up the complement of wives permitted to him by our blessed Prophet."

"But the mischief has not stopped here; the fame of this medicine, and of the Frank doctor, has gone throughout the

court; and the first thing which the king talked of at the selam (the audience) this morning, was of its miraculous properties."

"He called upon the grand vizier to repeat to him all that he had before said upon the subject; and as he talked of the wonders that it had produced upon his person, a general murmur of applause and admiration was heard throughout the assembly."

"His majesty then turned to me, and requested me to explain the reason why such great effects should proceed from so small a cause, when I was obliged to answer, stooping as low as I could to hide my confusion, and kissing the earth—'I am your sacrifice: O king of kings, I have not yet seen the drug which the infidel doctor has given to your majesty's servant, the grand vizier; but as soon as I have, I will inform your majesty of what it consists.'"

"In the meanwhile, your humble slave beseeches the Centre of the Universe to recollect that the principal agent, on this occasion, must be an evil spirit, an enemy to the true faith, since he is an instrument in the hands of an infidel."

"Having said this, in order to shake his growing reputation, I retired in deep cogitation how I might get at the secrets of the infidel, and particularly inquire into the nature of his prescription, which has performed such miracles."

"You are come most opportunely to my assistance. You must immediately become acquainted with him; and I shall leave it to your address to pick his brain and

worm his knowledge out of him; you may form some idea of them, but as I wish to procure a specimen when I tell you, that instead of the very medicine which he shaving their heads, and letting administered to the grand vizier, their beards grow, as we do, they being obliged to give an account of do the very contrary, for not a vestige of hair is to be seen on their chins, and their hair is as thick on their heads as if they had made a vow never to cut it off: then they sit on little platforms, whilst we squat on the ground."

"You may then apply to the Frank, who will, doubtless, give you a duplicate of the celebrated pill, which you will deliver over to me."

"But," said I, who had rather taken fright at this extraordinary proposal, "how shall I present myself before a man whom I do not know? Besides, such marvellous stories are related of the Europeans, that I should be puzzled in what manner to behave: pray give me some instructions how to act."

"Their manners and customs are totally different to ours, that is true," replied Mirza Ahmak, "and

"They take up their food with claws made of iron, whilst we use our fingers; they are always walking about, we keep seated; they wear tight clothes, we loose ones."

"They write from left to right, we from right to left; they never pray, we five times a day; in short, there is no end to what might be related of them; but most certain it is, that they are the most filthy people on the earth, for they hold nothing to be unclean."

"They eat all sorts of animals, from a pig to a tortoise, without (Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

5. If it is noon in England, is it a.m. or p.m. in China?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Roast, Grill, Bake, Boil, Toast, Fry.

Answers to Quiz in No. 715

1. From which country did we get the dinner fork?
2. What is a native of Southampton called?
3. What was the name of King Arthur's wizard?
4. What is a Granny Smith?
1. Sir Oliver Lodge.
2. Veal cutlet.
3. New South Wales.
4. Dover and Carlisle.
5. Salopian.
6. Strawberry is a soft fruit; others are stone fruit.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

★ By Cathryn Rose ★

VIVACIOUS, red-haired Rita Hayworth has been named the favourite glamour girl of soldiers in eight theatres of operations round the world. This was a result of her performance in last year's "Cover Girl," but her part in the current "To-night and Every Night" is just as picturesque and glamorous.

Judging by the number of times Miss Hayworth has appeared in "Good Morning," it isn't only the chaps in khaki who think she's the toos.

CONSTANCE MOORE, lovely singing and dancing star, has had her contract with Republic renewed for a long period. She will soon be seen in a lavish musical comedy "Earl Carroll Vanities," and is shortly going to start work on "Mexicana," a gay Latin-American musical.

FOLLOWING his performance in "A Song to Remember," Cornel Wilde has received from admirers seven sculptured busts and ninety-eight paintings and sketches of Chopin, more than two hundred books about him, and seven hundred sheets of his music.

After his ascent to stardom in the role of the Polish musician, Mr. Wilde has taken on a somewhat different part in his next film.

He will play Aladdin in "A Thousand and One Nights." Opposite him he will have the blonde and devastating newcomer, Adele Jergens.

Hollywood critics have it that their scenes together are well worth seeing in this mock-mysterious Oriental saga.

LATEST gossip from "over there" is about the Turner masterpiece.

The luscious Lana has been seen (often in the restaurant owned by her former husband) with the suave Turhan Bey.

Now he's in the Army, and Miss Turner says "the place doesn't seem the same without him."

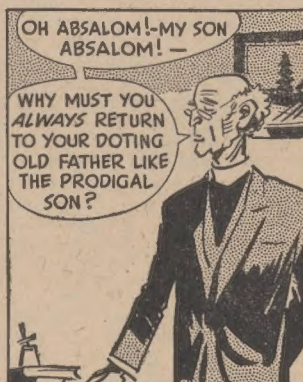
AFTER all his rather frivolous parts in the "Thin Man" series, William Powell is booked to portray one of the most dramatic characterisations of his whole career in "The Hoodlum Saint," which is being produced for M-G-M.

It is a story of a man who devotes much of his life to establishing an extensive system of charities in the name of St. Dismas. It holds considerable scope for Powell's acting abilities.

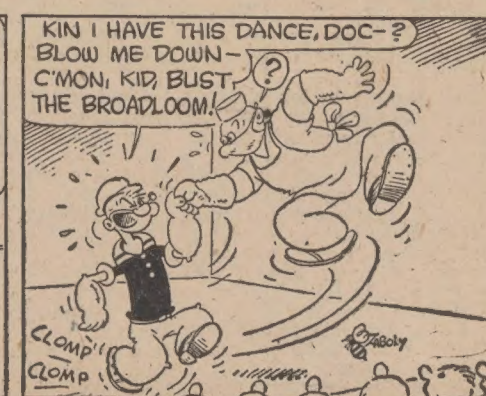
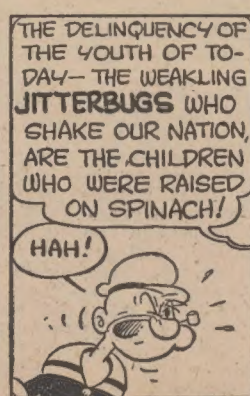
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



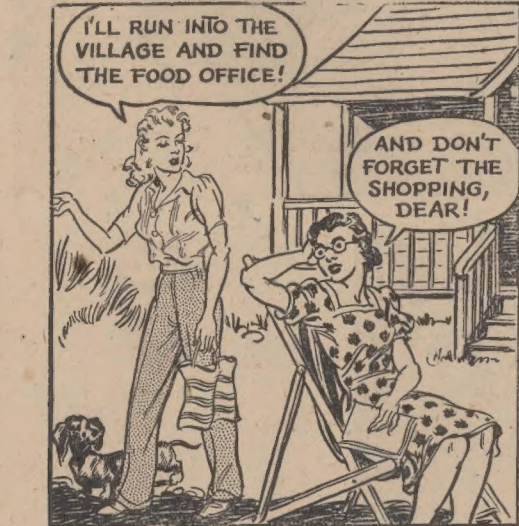
Wangling Words No. 656

1. Behead a dog and get some assistance.
2. Insert the same letter 7 times and make sense of: oookiveyandaythatightinoeum.
3. What bird of 6 letters can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: That prospector always — his rough diamonds and — in the ground.

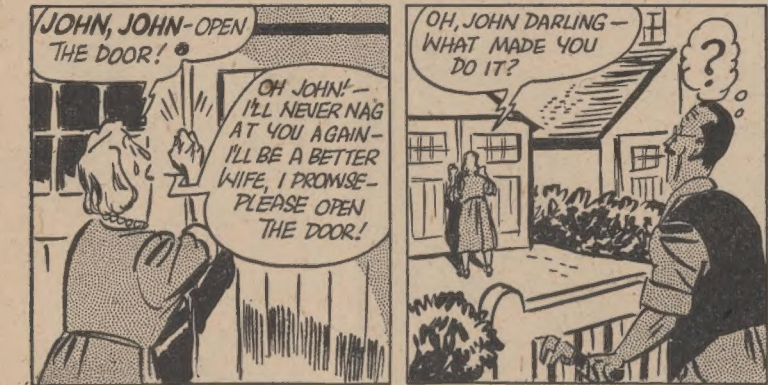
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 655

1. W-heel.
2. Cecil's French accent is comic.
3. HAVEN.
4. Below, elbow.

JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Hajji Baba Gets a Pain in his Innards

(Continued from Page 2)

the least scruple, and that without first cutting their throats; they will dissect a dead body, without requiring any purification after it, and perform all the brute functions of their nature, without ever thinking it necessary to go to the hot bath, or even rubbing themselves with sand after them.

"And is it true," said I, "that they are so irascible, that if perchance their word is doubted and they are called liars, they will fight on such an occasion till they die?"

"That is also said of them," answered the doctor; "but the case has not happened to me yet; however, I must warn you of one thing, which is, that if they happen to admire anything that you possess, you must not say to them, as you would to one of us, 'It is a present to you, it is your property,' of the room, and I left him, scarcely lest they should take you at your word and keep it, which you know would be inconvenient, and not what you intended."

"But then, if such is the case," said I, "do not you think that the Frank doctor will find me out with a lie in my mouth; pretending to be sick when I am well; asking medicine from him for myself, when I want it for another?"

"No, no," said the Mirza; "you are to be sick, really sick, you know, and then it will be no lie."

"Go, Hajji, my friend," said he, putting his arm round my neck: "go, eat your cucumbers immediately, and let me have the pill by this evening."

And then coaxing me, and preventing me from making any further objections to his unexpected request, he gently pushed me out of the room, and I left him, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or to

TAXI CAPTAINS ARE KNOWING BLOKES

AFTER study, taxi-drivers must know the real name of every celebrated spot or building. They must also go the cheapest way, and, again, there is an art in this.

They have to bear in mind two things: that a taxi-cab charges on time and distance. Thus, when a fare asks to be taken through London, the driver has to be able to judge whether or not it would cost his fare less to travel the greater distance and not take "short cuts," because traffic hold-ups might cause the fare to take longer from the point of view of time. Above all, he is always an honest chap.

Men anxious to earn their living as "captain" of a cab always take the matter very seriously, and often they go, map in hand, cycling around the capital, noting places they might be questioned about.

Before the war, the Central Knowledge of London School, Edgware Road, run by two former taxi-cab drivers, used to hold evening classes for drivers aspiring to sit in the seat of a London cab. They were very successful, too.

FINEST SYSTEM.

The result of this thoroughness on the part of Scotland Yard and London's taxi-drivers is that the British capital has by far the finest organised cab system in Europe. Just before the war there were 8,000 cabs

and 11,000 qualified drivers. Now that this fleet may be greatly increased, and many a Serviceman, after experience of driving, would like to sit in the driving seat of a London cab after the war.

Mr. James Howe, of Hammersmith, was the first licensed driver of a petrol-driven public vehicle. Like all the earlier drivers, he first plied for hire in the capital aboard a hansom-cab. A few years ago, Lord Trenchard presented him, on his 65th birthday, with Badge No. 1.

At the moment many veterans are still proving valuable drivers, and during all the raids most of them kept on with their task of serving the public.

After a driver is 65, however, he receives a yearly test, and it is to the credit of most and the life they lead, that so many drivers are able to continue well over the three-score-years-and-five mark.

The Things People Do

A BRIDLINGTON man, Charles Grantham, is still wondering what has happened to the husband of his "wife."

When he was in a prison camp he swapped identity with an American airman prisoner, who looked so much like him that it was difficult to tell them apart.

The American was more closely guarded than Grantham, and as he wanted to escape, the Bridlington boy offered to take his place. Cultivating an American drawl, and being in possession of the American airman's papers, he hoaxed the Germans for a year. But the most difficult part of the job was answering the letters which arrived for him from the American's wife.

The American airman got away from the camp, carrying Grantham's papers, and was recaptured—but Grantham does not know what happened to him.

WHEN John Ward was buried at Ballinasloe, County Galway, Eire, he had 10,000 mourners at his funeral.

They came in all kinds of vehicles from every part of Ireland—open carts, closed vans, wagons and horse-traps.

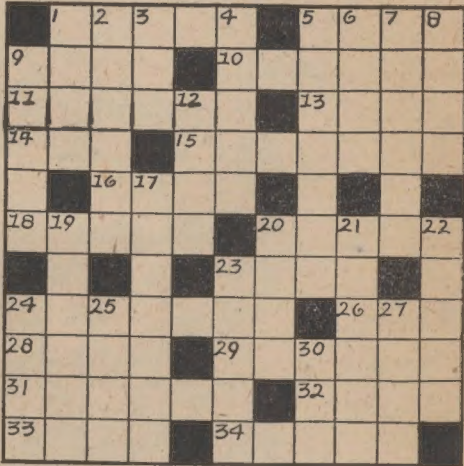
These mourners weren't mutes. They moaned and wept, shieked and bellowed, screamed and sobbed, at the graveside of their king.

For John Ward was chief of the Irish tinkers.

D. N. K. B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

ASPEN RUCKS
I EXAMINE H
TRAIT BILGE
CACTUS TIED
HIE REPEALS
L CAPES D
SIMILAR DIN
KNIT LUPINE
AGAIN SURGE
T MEEKEST D
EXIST SHYLY



- CLUES ACROSS.—1 Jet of liquid. 5 Fish. 9 Girl's name. 10 Girl's name. 11 Stop. 13 Form of insect. 14 Garden plot. 15 Carriage. 16 6-shaped. 18 Harmonised. 20 Marks from blows. 23 Alkali. 24 Members of family. 26 Plaything. 28 Of York. 29 Re-invigorate. 31 Wool fabric. 32 Assert. 33 Dance. 34 Expand.
- CLUES DOWN.—1 Touchy. 2 Forgive. 3 Pronoun. 4 Tenth. 5 Jumped. 6 Border. 7 Account. 8 Scheme. 9 Bodice frill. 12 Hurried. 17 Usual. 19 Not competent. 20 Drop of physic. 21 Indigenous. 22 Actor. 23 Stalks. 24 Fruit. 25 Cordage. 27 Cooker. 30 Nurse.

Good Morning



CALEDONIA, STERN AND WILD.

The clock on the old stone tower points to ten minutes past ten. The good wives of Kirkcudbright have finished their washing, and it is already blowing on the line. And this little Scottish township beats in its heart with a Monday morning briskness.

WHAT HO! HE JUMPS!

— And this picture of Columbia's Evelyn Keyes, risking her reputation on the diving-board, brought us up with another jump.



No wonder Fido gets on his hind legs! That rooftop view of Daredevil Johnny Reynolds risking his neck on a Broadway skyscraper brought us to our feet with a jump!



GROWING WALKING-STICKS.

Old Bob Body, of Snodland, in Kent, was known far and wide as the "Walking-Stick King." He died in 1938, aged 75, and this ancient craft may die with him. Old Bob used to cut rings, horseshoes and other designs on young growing ash saplings — and when the "stick" was ready, he cut it, fitted the ferrule — and Bob's your uncle!

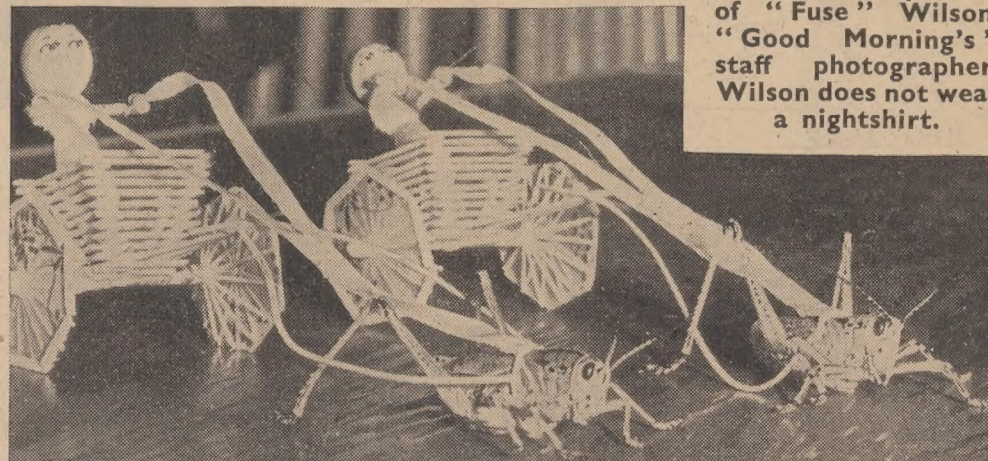


WARNING TO READERS.

This is NOT a picture of "Fuse" Wilson, "Good Morning's" staff photographer. Wilson does not wear a nightshirt.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"The whole business makes me jumpy."



WON BY AN EYEBROW!

Felix the Grasshopper, on left, wins by an eyebrow in the great "Leaping Lena" Derby. His reward was a few grains of powdered sugar. Seems hardly worth it to us — even in these days of sugar shortage.